







DANNY'S FEARS OF ATTACK EVAPORATE WHEN THE 'WITNESS' TURNS OUT TO BE SANDY BEACH!

I EXPECTED YOU BACK IN TOWN HOURS AGO, TONY!

WE HAVE A FEW PROBLEMS, SANDY! SOMEONE TAMPERED WITH THE CAR!



THAT'S A RELIEF! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN WHERE YOU HID THE STOCK CERTIFICATES!



...THEN I REMEMBERED WHAT YOU SAID...ABOUT LEAVING A NOTE FOR YOURSELF?!



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT LEAVING A NOTE FOR MYSELF, SANDY? I DON'T RECALL PUTTING ANYTHING IN WRITING!

YOU TOLD ME IT WAS BETTER THAN AN OLD FASHIONED PIRATE WAR, TONY!



IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, I WAS TO RE-READ YOUR FISHING DIARY VERY CAREFULLY!



HEY IN THERE! THE SUN'S COMIN' UP! LET'S GO... WE'RE WASTIN' GOOD FISHIN' TIME!

FOR A PLACE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE INCLUDED THIS CABIN SURE DRAWS A CROWD!



I PROMISED TO BE HERE AT SUN-UP, MR. YOUNGSTOWN, AND CLYDE CARRABY IS A MAN OF HIS WORD!

SO I SEE! BUT I THINK I'LL SKIP FISHING TODAY!



MISS BEACH IS ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO TOWN!

DON'T BE SILLY, TONY! I HAVE TO PRACTISE BEING AN UNDERSTANDING WIFE!



YOU GO FISHING, AND I'LL RUSTLE UP SOME BREAKFAST... IN CASE YOU COME BACK EMPTY HANDED!



I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK, GENTLEMEN!... MY KITCHEN SKILLS ARE VERY LIMITED!

DON'T FRET, MISS BEACH... I HEAR YOUR BOY FRIEND CAN CHARM THE FISH RIGHT OUT OF THE STREAM!



I'LL RISE MY BEAR, MR. YOUNGSTOWN, WHILE YOU CHANGE INTO YOUR FISHIN' CLOTHES!



I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT RIFLE, RAVEN!... IT'S LOADED, COCKED, AND HAS A HAIR TRIGGER!



DO YOU ALWAYS CARRY A RIFLE WHEN YOU GO FISHING, CLYDE?

IT'S A PRECAUTION, HAVEN'T I DON'T HANKER FOR BEING CLAWED BY NO BEAR!



I FEEL SAFER WHEN THIS IS LEANED AGAINST A TREE NEAR THE STREAM! WHO'S KEEPIN' MR. YOUNGSTOWN?



THEY'LL GET SUSPICIOUS IF I STALL ANY LONGER... BUT I'D BETTER GO! ON A FEW FISH FACTS FROM THIS DIARY!



SHAKE A LEG, MR. YOUNGSTOWN! THE OLD CARETAKER IS GETTING IMPATIENT!

IT TOOK A WHILE TO GET READY, DANNY! THIS FISHING GEAR HAS MORE STRAPS THAN A STRAIT-JACKET!



...AND I WANTED TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUNGSTOWN'S DIARY TO MEMORIZE A FEW CHOICE PHRASES!



THE GIRL SAID TONY LEFT A WRITTEN CLUE AS TO WHERE HE LEFT THE STOCK CERTIFICATES, BUT NOTHING IN THERE MAKES SENSE TO ME!



ARE DRIFT AND MARY GOING TO THE RECOVERY PLANE...

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY WANT TO STAY HERE AND WORK AS TECHNICAL ADVISOR ON THUNDERBOLT'S CORBY MOVIE, MARY?

YES, DRIFT!



BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT JUST BECAUSE HE FOUND OUT. HITCH IS A 100-SECOND NOON BOMB! THERE ARE OFFICIAL WORKS TO GUARANTEE HIM!



I THINK IT WILL BE FUN, DRIFT! YOU CAN ADVANCE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR ME UNTIL THE VESSEL ARRIVES TO PICK UP THE APOLLO!



THIS IS MY FIRST PLANE FLIGHT, DRIFT! MY SCANNERS SEE MANY INTERESTING THINGS BELOW!

DON'T FLEE THEM IN YOUR MEMORY BANKS, HITCH. THEY ARE UNIMPORTANT!



WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS HOW I'VE EXPLAINED THAT BLASTED SPACE BUT YOU'VE GOT TO WEIR! YOU'LL LOOK STRANGE ON CITY STREETS!



I'D LOOK STRANGER WITHOUT IT. JOEY, AN ADVANCED COMPUTER THAT WALKS NEVER WON A BEAUTY CONTEST!



AFTER ARRIVING AT THE RECOVERY PLANE, DRIFT...

I REGRET MARY FINGER STAYED BEHIND ON THAT ISLAND, DRIFT!

WHY, HUGO? SHE NEEDS A VACATION-- ESPECIALLY THAT WINTER THAT WILL BE IN SPACE!



THAT'S JUST THE POINT. IT WAS NOT AN ILLUSION!



A TIRIS SATELLITE ACTUALLY PHOTOGRAPHED THE HUGE THING WHILE TAKING CLOUD COVER DATA FOR THE WEATHER BUREAU!



NOT ONLY DO TIRIS SMOOT IT, BUT TWO FOREIGN TRACKING STATIONS HAVE DONE UP THE ORBITING PHENOMENON! DRIFT, WHAT IS IT?



DON'T ASK ME, HUGO! FEED THE QUESTION TO HITCH!

SORRY, I HAVE NOT BEEN PROGRAMMED TO SURVEY DATA ON UNKNOWN SPACE CREATURES!



MEANWHILE, A VEHICLE FOR A CERTAIN SPACE DETECTIVE IS BEING FUELED...



DRIFT, GORDON FROM WASHINGTON ASK TO CHECK OUT THE SPACE PHENOMENON BEFORE THE PUBLIC IN A PRINCE!



I CAN'T ASK YOU TO GO ON ANOTHER MISSION SO SOON, BUT...

BUT I COULD VOLUNTEER-- RIGHT?



OHAY, I DON'T MIND TILTING WITH MONSTERS LIKE A DON QUIXOTE, BUT I DEMAND A CO-PILOT WHO'S COOL, MEAN, AND DETACHED!

WHO CAN BE MORE DETACHED THAN ROBOT, JOEY?



THIS IS STRICTLY A PHOTOGRAPHIC MISSION, DRIFT! THE ORBIT OF THE SPACE 'THING' IS CALCULATED, AND YOUR TV CAMERAS ARE IN THE CADRLES!

GO-LONG, HUGO!



HAY, I'M SURE GLAD THE GEMINI IS CAPABLE OF CHANGING ORBITS. HITCH!

WHY, JOEY?



WHO KNOWS IF MARY FINGER'S MURDER? GUY! CAMERA-- GUY-- WE MAY HAVE TROUBLE GETTING AWAY FROM IT!



**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY



I KNOW

IT'S DAMN, NICE...



MOW, BOND, FLEET TRACY WAS KISSING HIM NOT ONLY WITH HIS EYES... BUT WITH AFFECTION!

YOU'RE NOT VERY INTERESTED, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL



JAMES... I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS...

AS LONG AS I LIVE!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY

AT BREAKFAST, WHEN THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN MAKING PLANS ABOUT THE DAY, TRACY WAS AT FIRST BLISSFUL AND THEN, WHEN BOND PROPOSED ABB, OBVIOUSLY BLISSFUL...



COME ON, TRACY, WE CAN'T JUST LET THE PRY GO. WHAT ABOUT A DINNER, THEN A LUNCH—MAYBE A PISCINE LUNCH?

NOT TODAY, JAMES



BUT WHY NOT, TRACY? I KNOW YOU'VE NOTHING ELSE TO...



STOP IT, STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR? WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TODAY... OR ANY DAY

BOND SAW THAT THIS GIRL WOULD COME TO THE END OF HIS TETHER. HE FELT A HAIR OF AFFECTATION FOR HER, AN LUST TO SOLVE HER PROBLEMS... TO MAKE HER HAPPY

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY

BOND RECOGNIZED THE COIN OF HYSTERIA AT GLANCE OF DRIVING TON.



GET OUT! DO YOU HEAR? YOU'VE HAD WHAT YOU WANTED!

WAS IT WHAT YOU WANTED, TOO?



NO... I HATE YOU!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, JAMES BOND FELT TOTALLY INADEQUATE

TRACY, LET ME HELP YOU. YOU'VE GOT SOME TROUBLES. BUT THAT'S NOT THE END, SO HAVE I. SO HAS EVERYONE

GO TO HELL!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY

JAMES BOND DECIDED TO GET THE GIRL TRACY OUT OF HIS HEAD AND STAYED IN HIS ROOM ALL NIGHT AND MORNING THE MORNING DURING AND HIS LITTLE BANGING CARD...



AT 4.30 THAT AFTERNOON...

BOND SWIMMING AT THIS TIME OF DAY?



SURE, HEADING FOR THE BEACH

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY

JAMES BOND WAS TOO WELL OCCUPIED BY THE CHASING OF HIS OWN LITTLE ANGERHOUSE OF HIS OWN...



WHEN SHE LEFT HER CAR IN ONE OF THE OTHER LOTS, HE DID THE SAME. THE CHASING STOPPED FOR

SHE IS GOING SWIMMING!



HE PUT DOWN TO WATER. AND TOLD THE LAST DAY OF HIS HOLIDAY—HIS LAST BATHING. AND THIS WAS THE LAST DAY OF HIS HOLIDAY. TO BE AN ATTENDED SURVIVOR

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY

MEETING TRACY, JAMES BOND HAD MET HIS OWN...



HE WAS WRONG



TO THEIR WATER, THE COLLAPSE OF THESE TWO MEN, THEY WERE THEIR UNDISMISSABLE CLOTHES. PUT THEM IN THE CATEGORY OF BAD MEN, IN ORDER, THEY WOULD SOON BE ON THEIR WAY...

**VISIT WITH HIS NEW FOSTER PARENTS, THE BRADLEYS**

ELSEWHERE, SECONDS AFTER A SHATTERING COLLISION.

IT'S A ROUGH ONE... ANY WITNESSES AVAILABLE?

NO! AND NEITHER IS THE OTHER DRIVER!

...HONEST, SARGE... I WAS PUNCHY FROM THE CRASH... STUNNED... THAT'S WHY I WALKED AWAY!

IT WOULDN'T MEAN MUCH, HAGEN... HOURS AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

SO?...WHAT'S STOPPING YOU FROM GIVING ME THE BREATH TEST NOW?

MEANWHILE, IN THE BRADLEY HOME...

...IF ONLY HE WERE MORE INTERESTED IN SPORTS...LIKE TIM WAS

PLEASE, BILL...

...BILL, IT HEN'T FAIR EXPECTING RANDY TO BE SPORTS MINDED... THE WAY T-TIM WAS!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH TO ASK OF ANY FOSTER SON!

...HONEY, EVERY BOY SHOULD HAVE A BICYCLE! IT'S GREAT EXERCISE!

I AGREE! IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL FOR RANDY... HE'LL LOVE IT!

...BUT, BILL...  
YOU READ THE  
PAPERS...ABOUT  
DRUNKEN  
IRRESPONSIBLE  
DRIVERS...

DON'T WORRY  
MONEY! THEY'RE  
ALL LOCKED UP  
IN JAIL!

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



BUT MR HAWKE, IF THESE YOUNG MEN GOT INTO THIS TERRITORY BY UNORTHODOX MEANS, THE MATTER NEEDS LOOKING INTO—

SECURITY OFFICER, HAVE YOU EVER READ THE WORKS OF CHARLES FORT?



ACCORDING TO FORT, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TELEPORTING ALL OVER THE PLACE FOR CENTURIES. HE COLLECTED NUMEROUS OF AUTHENTIC INSTANCES PUBLISHED IN NEWS-PAPERS—



—IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE FREAKS OF NATURE, LIKE LEVITATION!

WHY DON'T YOU ASK HAWKE ABOUT THE EARTH-SHIFTER?

HOW THAT'S AN IDEA!

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



ALL RIGHT, MR HAWKE, I'LL GIVE THEM A CLEARANCE, AND A CREDIT FOR FUEL TO GET THEM BACK TO ENGLAND—

EXCUSE ME, MR HAWKE, BUT WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT OUR CARGO—



—YOU SEE, SIR, OUR CARGO IN THE FREIGHTER IS A DAMNED GREAT EARTH-SHIFTER!

AH, I GET IT, MAYBE YOU THINK THAT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH TURNING UP IN AUSTRALIA, IN A LITERAL SENSE, SO TO SPEAK?



NOT QUITE, SIR. BUT NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, IF WE COULD SELL IT AT EVEN A LITTLE MORE THAN THE EUROPEAN PRICE, WE'LL MAKE A BIG PROFIT!

WHAT'S THE POINT IN CARRYING IT ALL THE WAY BACK TO YORKSHIRE?

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



DIRECTOR, WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN BUYING A BRAND NEW EARTH-SHIFTER AT EUROPEAN RETAIL PRICES, PLUS FIFTEEN PERCENT?

JEFF HAWKE NEGOTIATES A LITTLE BUSINESS FOR TWO HARD-UP YOUNG FREIGHT-LINE OWNERS...



FIVE HUNDRED MILES NORTH. A DISCUSSION...

WELL, WOULD WE BE INTERESTED?

ON THE BUDGET WE HAVE TO RUN THIS PLACE ON? I'LL SAY WE WOULD. THERE'S SOMETIMES FIFTY PERCENT ON SUCH A MACHINE, EVEN SHIPPING IT OUT TO US THE SLOW WAY—



OKAY, IT'S A DEAL. YOU CAN FLY UP BEHIND ME, AND MAKE DELIVERY.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY!

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



JEFF HAWKE FLIES NORTH AGAIN TO WOOMERA MAIN BASE, IN THE COMPANY OF AN AIR-FREIGHTER, NOW MAKING DELIVERY OF AN EARTH-SHIFTER.



A CARGO UNLOADED...

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—NEVER MIND NOW YOU GET THERE, AS LONG AS THERE'S A PROFIT!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EH?



A SUBSTANTIAL CHEQUE...

THANKS, SIR, ON, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE YOU MIGHT BE NEEDING, IF WE'RE IN THIS AREA AGAIN...

YOU MUST BE JOKING. BUT WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT LUCK HAS BROUGHT US—

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



AN EMPTY FREIGHTER, LOADED WITH ABUNDANCE OF FUEL, RISES FROM WOOMERA BASE ON A WORLD-FLIGHT HOME TO ENGLAND...



... THAT WONDERFUL SHIP, ALIGNED ON THE FAR WORLD'S END ...

WERE YOU JOKING, A LITTLE WHILE BACK?

ABOUT WHAT?



WHEN YOU ASKED THE BOFFINS IF THERE WAS ANYTHING ELSE THEY NEEDED IN THE WAY OF MACHINERY?

ME JOKING? MY DEAR FELLOW, WE'RE IN BUSINESS. WORK IT OUT FOR YOURSELF...

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY STONEY JORDAN



WOULD YOU NOT AGREE, MY DEAR CHAP, THAT THE ESSENCE OF ALL SCIENCE IS A BELIEF IN THE RECURRENCE OF PREDICTABLE PHENOMENA?

HOW DO YOU MEAN, WE'RE IN BUSINESS?



IN OTHER WORDS, IF THERE WAS A HOLE IN SPACE OVER THE NORTH SEA YESTERDAY, THEN YOU MAY DEPEND UPON IT, IT WILL STILL BE THERE TO-MORROW, AND THE DAY AFTER, ET CETERA—

ER?



—AND WHEN WE GO THROUGH IT AGAIN, WE WILL BE CARRYING A CARGO WORTH A KING'S RANSOM! I NOW BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HUDSON SAW IN THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE...





# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL





THE 'SEANCE' BEGINS.

SPIRITS OF THE GREAT BEYOND IF YOU HAVE MESSAGES FOR THOSE ASSEMBLED HERE TONIGHT, SPEAK THROUGH ME!

HURK, I HEAR A MALE VOICE... IT IS SOMEONE'S UNCLE EDWARD AND HE WISHES TO SPEAK WITH 'KITTEN'!

WHY... WHY, I HAD AN UNCLE EDWARD WHO USED TO CALL ME 'KITTEN' BEFORE HE DIED. BUT I'M THE ONLY ONE ALIVE WHO KNOWS THAT!

NOT SO, MADAME! I KNOW I FOUND YOUR OLD FAMILY COOK IN A NURSING HOME AND PAID HER WELL TO REMEMBER...

MISS BOURNE, I'M 'KITTEN'! WHAT DOES DEAR UNCLE EDWARD WANT TO TELL ME?

TAKE IT EASY, THEA!

ARMED WITH SECRET INFORMATION FROM AUNT THEA, CONRAD QUICKLY AMAZES SEANCE GUESTS.

YOUR UNCLE WISHES YOU TO KNOW THAT HE IS HAPPY IN THE GREAT BEYOND AND IS PLEASED TO NOTE THAT YOU ARE KEEPING HIS COLLECTION OF RARE ART OBJECTS...

ISN'T THIS EXCITING, RUP?

IT'S CONVENIENTLY DONE, HELEN...

AUNT HAS REHEARSED THEA WELL, BUT THEN, I'VE SENT HER A LITTLE MESSAGE MYSELF!

KIRBY ANNOYS HIS CHANCE AT THE SEANCE

...25...10...13... 19... THESE ARE THE NUMBERS THEA SENT ME. IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT SAFE TO TRY THEM...

ROBERT SENDS HIS LOVE TO PAMELA. HE THINKS OFTEN OF THEIR HAPPY EARLY DAYS IN BEAUTIFUL NORTH CAROLINA...

MARVELOUS! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR THEA REALLY IS HEARING SPIRIT VOICES!

I HAD NO IDEA THEA WAS SUCH A FINE ACTRESS. SHE WILL SOON HAVE OUR GUESTS DOING EXACTLY AS I WISH THEM TO DO!

AUNT IS PLEASED WITH THE SEANCE SESSION

WAIT! A VOICE OF ONE IN ANGLES! CONRAD!... CONRAD PHILLIPS! HE HAS A MESSAGE FOR EMERSON AUNT...

NOW! THIS LITTLE SURPRISE WILL KEEP AUNT OCCUPIED WHILE I GET AT THAT SAFE...

SUDDENLY, THEA REVEALS AUNT'S SECRET.

CONRAD PHILLIPS IS UNHAPPY THAT PEOPLE THOUGHT HE DESTROYED HIMSELF. EMERSON AUNT KNOWS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT DAY...

WHAT IS THEA BABBLING ABOUT? CONRAD PHILLIPS HAS BEEN DEAD FOR 40 YEARS AND SHE NEVER HEARD OF HIM! DO YOU SUPPOSE HIS GHOST REALLY...

OKAY, I'VE GOT SOME NUMBERS, BUT ARE THEY THE RIGHT ONES AND WHICH WAY DO I START?

YES, MR. PHILLIPS, I HEAR YOU! WALL STREET... A WINDOW... EMERSON AUNT WAS THERE WITH YOU...

THEA SHOWS THE ADVICE TIGHTER.

IT'S CONRAD'S GHOST! IT MUST BE! HE'S RETURNED TO HAUNT ME...

GRAT! IT DOESN'T OPEN THAT WAY! NOTHING TO DO BUT START IT 25 LEFT...



SHOOT-OUT! Phil has reached the cavern in time to save Sarra, but...

YOU CAN'T BRACE THE ENTRANCE WITH-OUT BECOMING PERFECT TARGETS!



MR. CORRIGAN, WHAT CAN WE DO?

TAKE THIS AND KEEP FIRING AT DAGGER. IT'S DARK AT THE BEAR OF THE CAVE, MAYBE I CAN REACH HIM SNEAKING AROUND THAT WAY!

Unseen overhead: What started as a small crack GROWS with the reverberation of each shot!



Using the last of Phil's bullets, Sarra tries to keep Dagger busy...



BUT...

WHY IS THE GIRL FIRING? EITHER I'VE HIT THE AMERICAN OR--



IT'S TRUCK!



Dagger catches on to Phil's trick to capture him and fires a quick, wild shot as Corrigan hits him...



In the scramble that follows, the gun goes flying--but...

MUDDLE FLUSH TEMPORARILY BLANDED YOU GIVE MY GOOD LUCK AND YOUR BAD, FRIEND!



AND IT'S GOING TO SEND YOU THE SAME WAY AS MY LATE FATHER, GARTH!



Across the cavern, Sarra watches helplessly as Dagger is about to smash Phil with a rock! Then-- MACHINE GUN FIRE!



O-GARTH! I KILLED YOU.

NOT QUITE... BUSINESS! I WANT LIVE TO GET THE TREASURE! BUT NOW... NEITHER WILL YOU!



MOR ANYONE ELSE!

CELLS ARE COLLAPSING FROM THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS! SARRA, GET OUT OF HERE!



His vision recovered, Phil dashes through falling stone and cascading water to Sarra...



and as the two plunge through the waterfall to safety...

The greedy dreams of Garth and Dagger are buried with the treasure ship of Shamen Thai!



LET'S GO, PRINCESS. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE! YOUR PEOPLE AND MY FRIEND SUPERINTENDENT MINKWA WILL BE VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU!



Corrigan returns Sarra to her wife and Super-intendant Minkwa is released...



LATER, IN CIVILIZATION...

PHIL, YOU WENT THROUGH A LOT TO CLOSE OUT THE FBI'S FILE ON GARTH.

DESPITE EVERYTHING IT WAS WORTH IT, MINKWA. I HOPE WE WILL WORK TOGETHER AGAIN.



AND IN THE U.S. GET THAT WIRE OFF TO CORRIGAN IMMEDIATELY!



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

